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Poems I Found on My Way to Work: February 28--Gray with a Few Snowflakes in the Air

David Schelhaas
Dordt College

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February 16—Clear and Bright

The looping swoops of tar that patch the road
I walk are a golden script with which the just-rising
sun has scrawled a cheery note.

The blackbird tree performs its same old
wheezy tune, like a circus calliope—
but today in three four time.

A soft breeze walked in this morning,
picked up an old *Des Moines Register* from a curbside
recycling bin and scattered good news all along Second Ave.

And half a block away, a woodpecker stutters
in Morse Code trying to send out a message.
He bangs out an S-P-R but then, distracted

by diving finches scooping up the air,
flits off to taste and see
what it was he meant to say.

February 28—Gray with a Few Snowflakes in the Air

All night long three poems
(e-mailed by students)
have been curled up asleep on a microchip.
So tiny, finer than snowflakes, smaller than embryos,
they wait for me to deliver them,
which with a push of a button,
I do.
They slide through
the narrow network cable,
and emerge kicking and screaming
on the white page.

How I love their barbaric yawp!